AT THE RIVERSIDE
by Andrew “Change” Huang

at the riverside, i sing my song—
the melodies of a morning call
and cinder days no longer long—
like the closing of a crispy fall.

this melodies—as morning calls
and creek overflowingly sings—
play so crispily like a closing fall
that signal a new day to begin.

oh, the overflowing creek sings!
chanting robins in mother nest
signal deeply a new day to begin
with fading songs, before i rest.

robins chanting in mother nest
tune away the lullaby pines—
laying fading songs before I rest,
as foggy breezes slightly chime.

i tune away the lullaby pines,
comfort simply by an oar weep—
no fog, no breeze, no chime—
along nature songs. then i sleep.